

Hoshi no Tokei - no Liddell -

by Uchida Yoshimi

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• Chapter 01 •



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西田 哲郎
著者

少女漫画に新たな神話が誕生

既から戻つてから三日目にさつきの日は、
はるかに夢に囚われた男・ヒューの
奇妙な生活だった…

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もくじ

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I want to tell
you a story
about a man
who became a
ghost



Then
alright, I'll
start from his
dream

It's for my
future wife.

No, I'll end up
remembering
very clearly
every scene with
him on it, each
day with him. I
want to stop
remembering it
now.

Should I
start from
there?

Then there is
Hugh Vicki
Bedrock
with his
marvelously
boyish
profile

A joyous jazz
and beer in a
sports club
celebration of
some university
complex in the
Midwest of the
city.

But where
do I start?



Liddell's Star Clock

星の時計の
Liddell

リデル

Right...
from Agateum





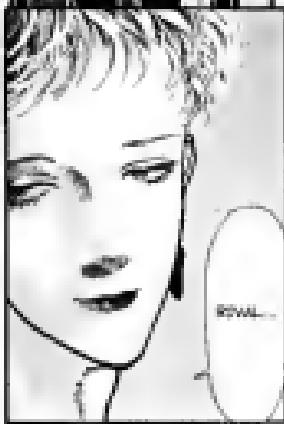
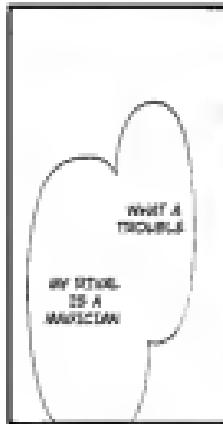


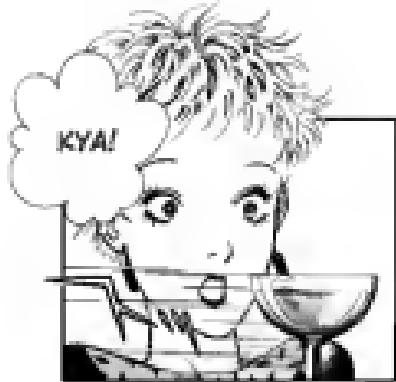




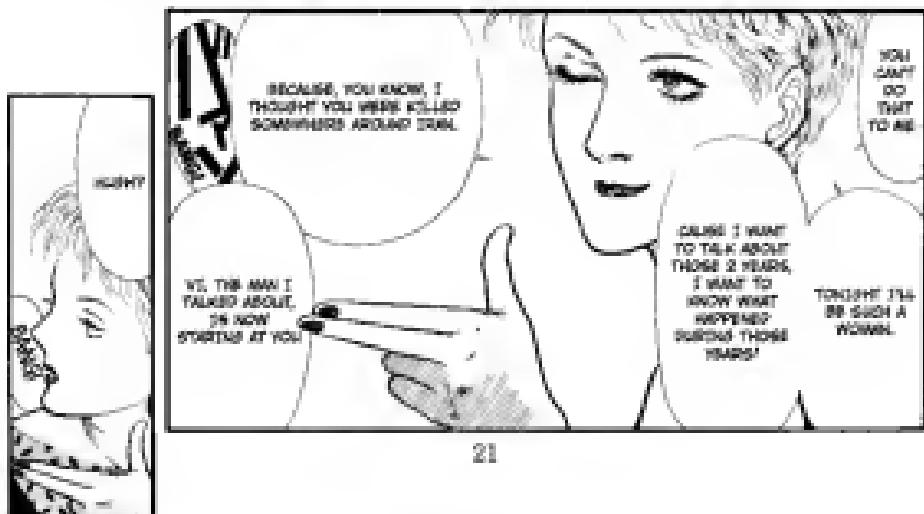
















WON'T AN
AUCTION THAT
GIVES PEOPLE TO
BE DOWN A
CERTAIN CALL

DURING
PROBLEMS,
WORLD
IT, WILL
BIT

THIS CITY HAS
TOO MANY
INFLUENTIAL
WOMEN

Though I never
thought of
having a place
here...I

Yes, I'm coming
back here.

Holmes

YOU CAN BE A
MANAGEMENT
WITH WHATS
CULTURE
COLLECTION,
FASHION
MANAGEMENT
COULD
FALL FOR IT.

AT THAT TIME
STILL PROPERLY
TELL YOU
ABOUT HOW I
NOT KILLED IN
TAN, OR IN
TIBET.

THAT, I'M
LOOKING
FORWARD FOR
TOMORROW
NIGHT'S SHOW.
DIDN'T HEAR

BEFORE THE
TRAVELER'S
SWEET ATTACH
ROLL



I was born in Vienna.



But I'm merely a foreigner there.



So does with Paris where I spent my days with my parents or even in the gymnasium* in Regensburg



I was a Russian.



Why do I have Russian blood, when even my father doesn't know anything about it...

My father hadn't even reached 20 years old, when he left Saint Petersburg to avoid the upheaval of the revolution.



The "Russia" where I should have is already vanished from this world.

Be just.



But being "vanished" maybe makes me happy.





But that's
surely



Wandering
I'm always
travelling,
anywhere,
just like the
Jewish



and leaving
them for a new
journey.

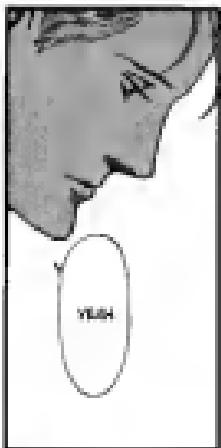
Loving
them...

everyone I met on
that city. Because I
of the happiness.

I was able to love Because I
unconditionally was happy
every city I visited.











Maybe I heard that peak
only one time during the
foolishness of my college
years.

Somewhere I could
recall that image
in my memory
very dear.



— And above all.



Is none other than
Hugh, who has seen
the night over and
over for a long time.

Such a person, with such
a nonsensical dream that
I know

—A clear
image like a
piece of Poem
poetry.

IT'S A PLACE
I'VE NEVER
SEEN TO, IT
IS A HOUSE
I'VE NEVER
LIVED IN.

I DON'T
RECALL SUCH
BEAUTY
IN MY
CHILDHOOD.

IT'S TOO WIDE
TO BE A DREAM,
AS IF IT'S A
REAL ONE.

It was all due to
the beauty of
the dark night.

Look around
at the sky.

That beauty you
are deeply by the
greatest moon light
and the cold air.

I left this city

A beautiful...
dream...

And he kept seeing
the same dream
for these 2 years.

I'LL HAVE
FRESH AIR
SUNSHINE.

GOOD
FRIEND.

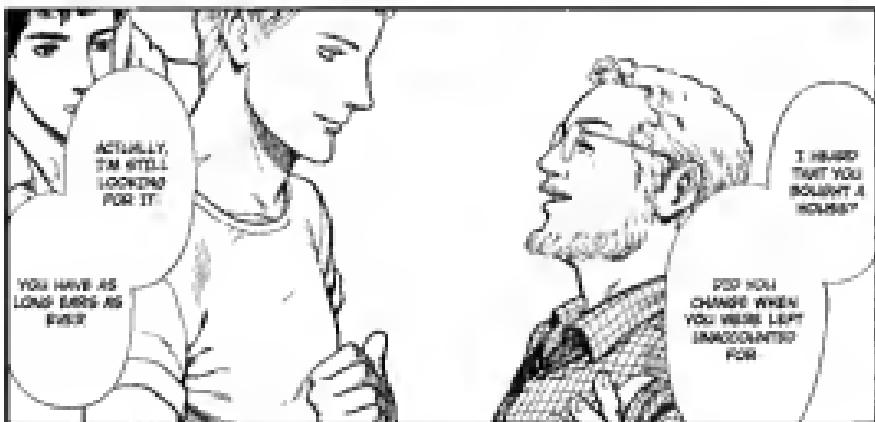
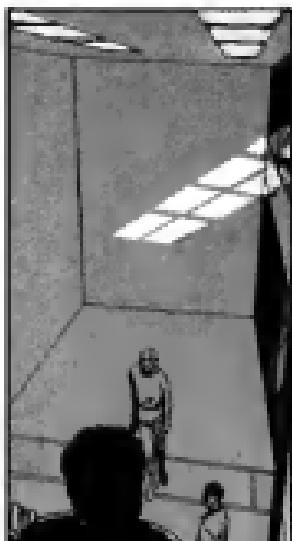
SOME ILL
READ A
BOOK.

If it is a dream,
then I want to
see it too.

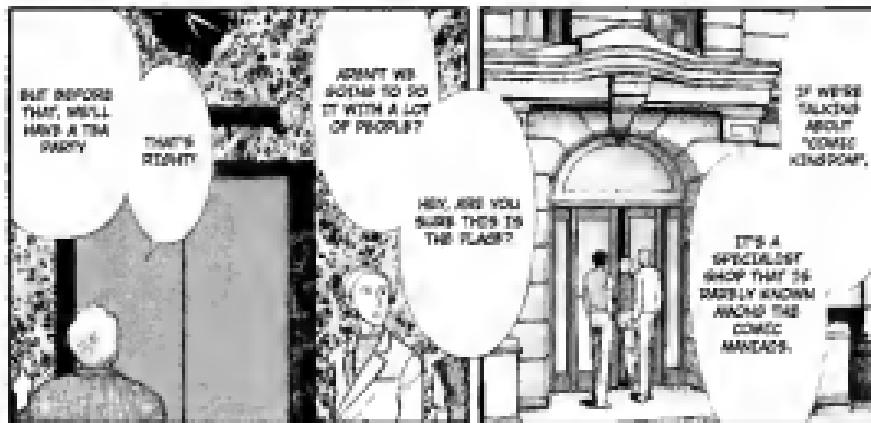
The same
dream...



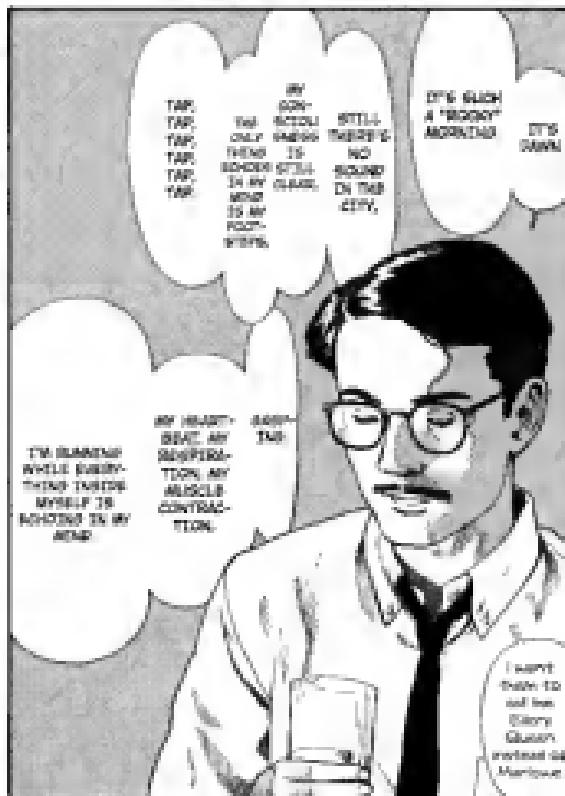
(1914) Freud is looking for a way to understand the same dream he wrote by reading a theory of dreams by Freud or Carl Gustav Jung.)



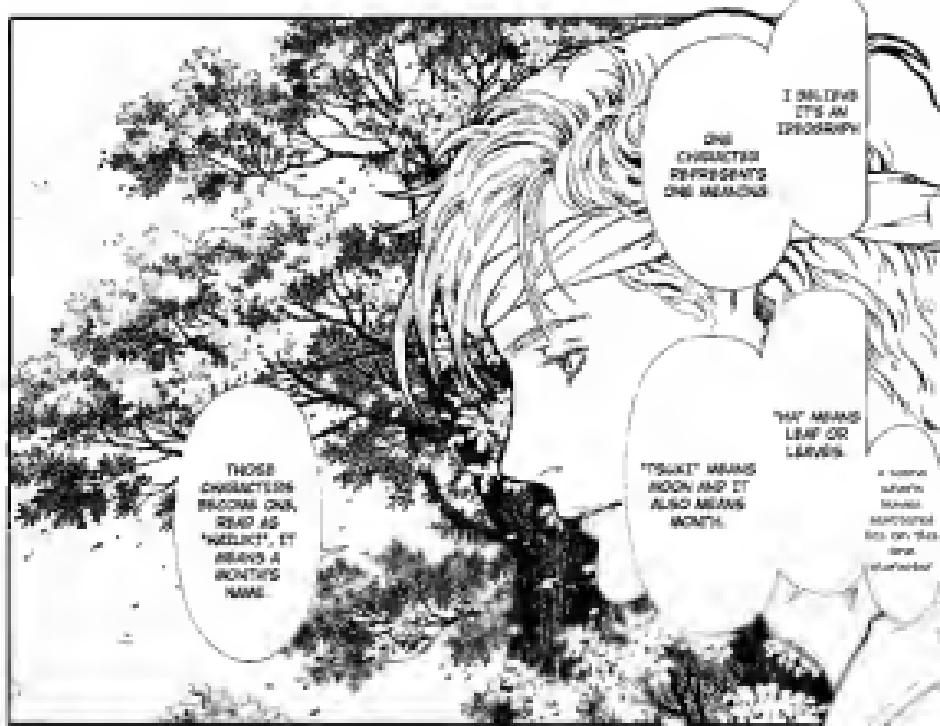














This mysterious atmosphere



What...

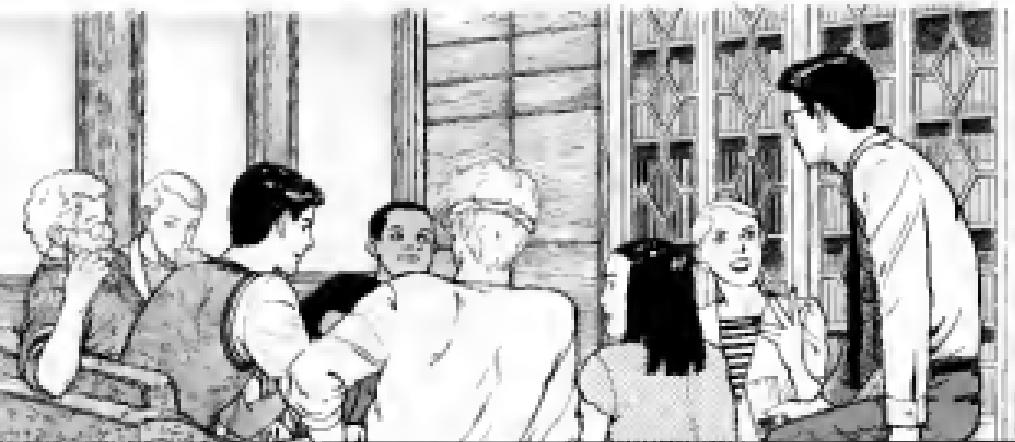
is this?

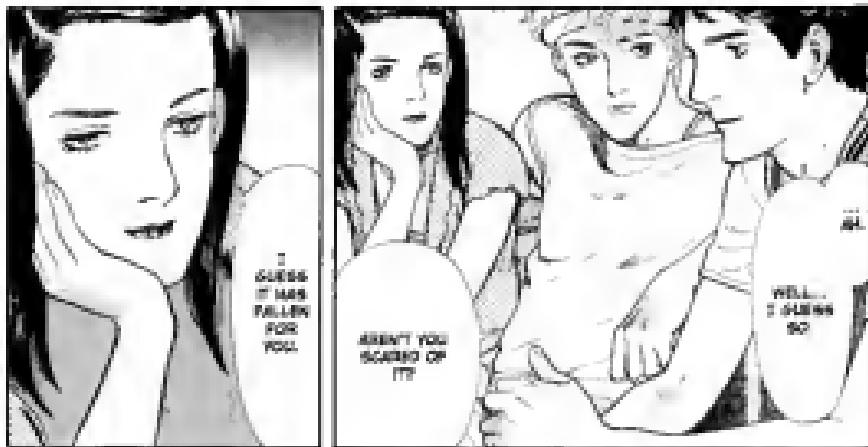
Not even a religion.

They are not only a money or even a study circle.

What are they actually?

This circle.







IT'S LIKE
AN
ANCIENT
SONG IN
MY
COUNTRY.

This dream
is crazy
like a wake
-up hair
you have
on that
much that
you appear
in my
dream.



THE
EXPERIENCE
OF SEEING
SUCH BEAUTY
WAS ISLAND
THAT WAY.

BECAUSE
THEY HAVE
FALLEN
FOR YOU.

THE OTHER
ONES
APPEAR IN
YOUR
DREAM.

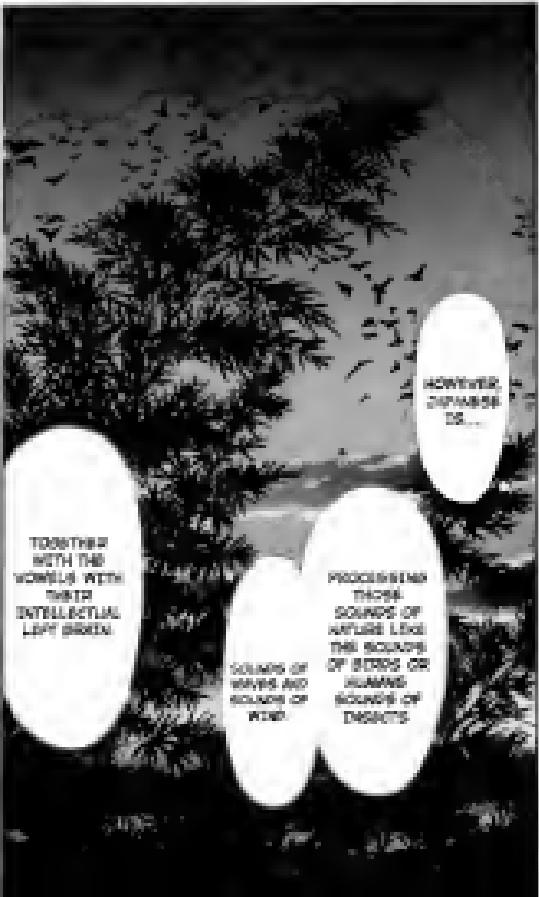
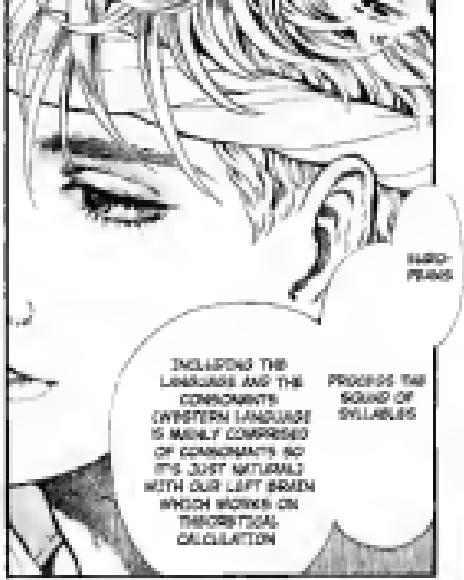


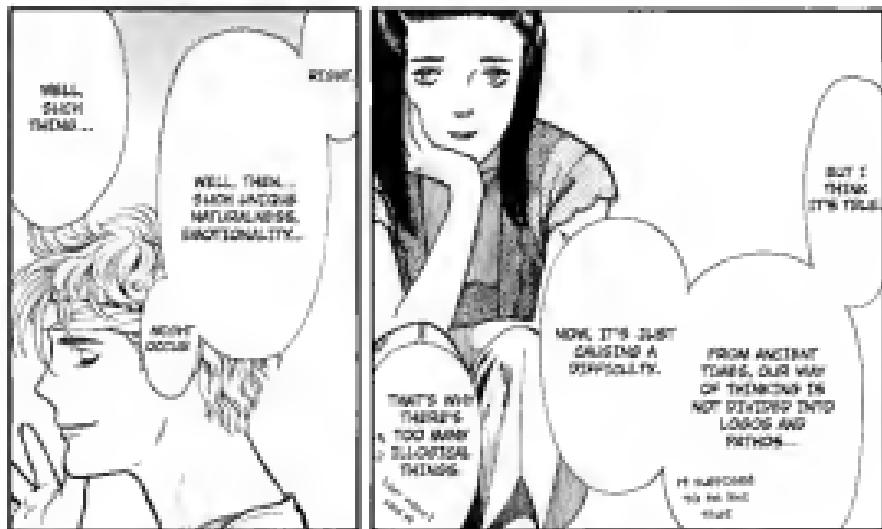
Perhaps has
fallen for you.

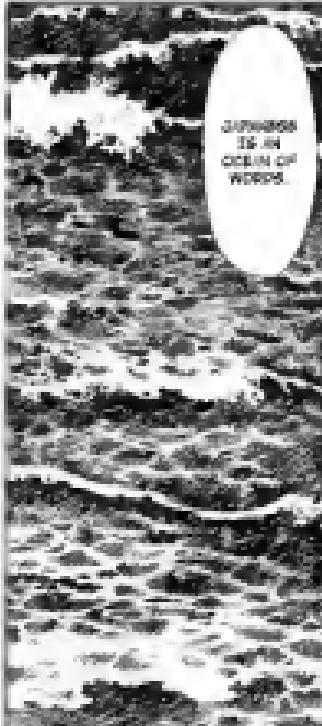
That 'house'.



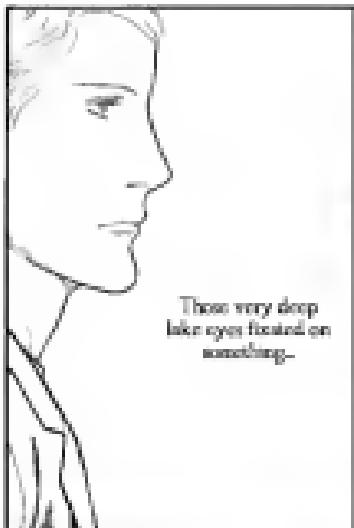








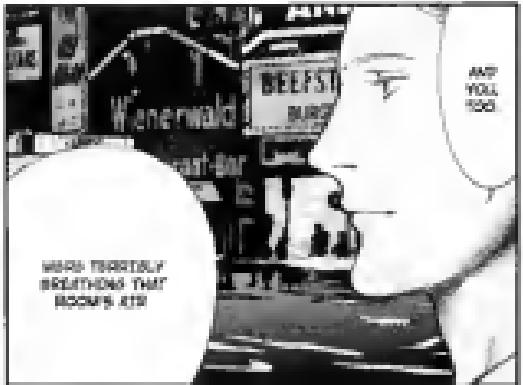
Ocean of
words...

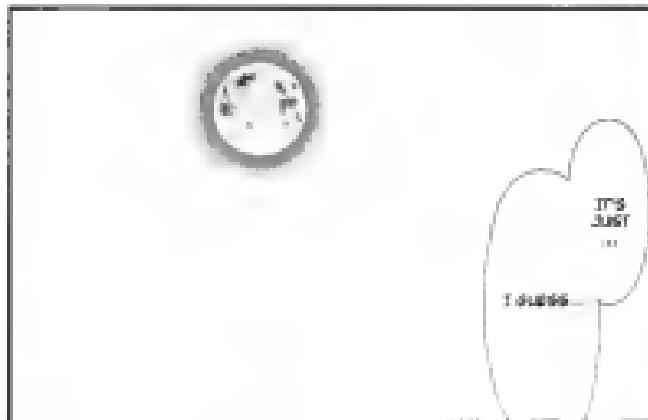


Concert
Artists
Performers
Dancers
Musicians
Musical
Theatre
Musical
Theatre
Musical
Theatre
Musical
Theatre













A stupid,
reckless and a
slim hope.

Why did I come back...



Dear my mom, I feel like
an overhanging cloud to
many layers.

DIVERGENT

I guess
this is
goodbye
then.

And lost my voice in
an instant.

WORD
IS AN
ACT

FOR
THESE
PEOPLE,

CL-
S-
S-
S-
S-

It is the color of,
the southern sea.

WHEN I LIVE
HERE I
OCCASIONALLY
REALIZE

HOW MUCH
THESE
PEOPLE
HATE THAT

These old days this Metropolis of the
second city that I visited for last time as a
teen, is only a trash city to me.

Why are his eyes
so blue?



In the corner of this
Windy City

I've received
something that I
shouldn't have.

Such a not so
charming
impression.





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